

# The Mirror

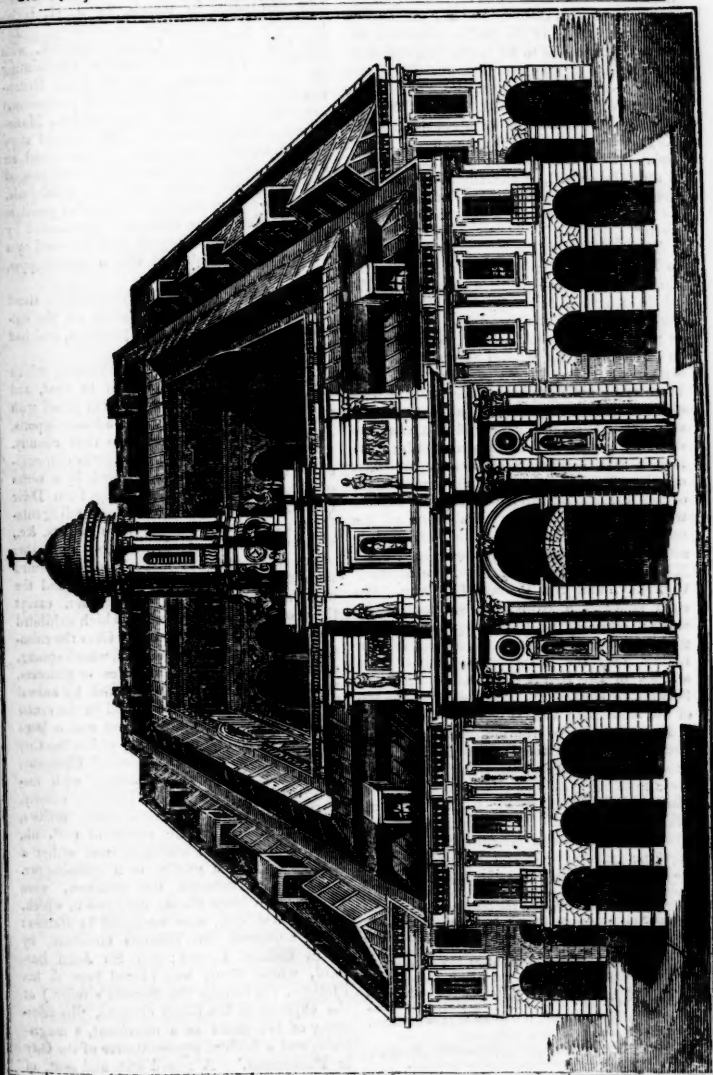
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Vol. XXXI.

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## THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

THE prefixed Engraving is a bird's-eye view of this extensive building, as it appeared before the recent fire, by which it has been almost reduced to a heap of ruins. As our narrative of this destruction was preceded by a general outline of the perfect structure, our present purpose is to fill in the description by such details as may complete our description of this—one of the most important public edifices of the metropolis. To aid the idea of its unique character, or rather design, the Engraving shows the Exchange *per se*, or isolated from the abutting erections, which, it must be owned, materially interfered with the merit of the general plan, taken, as was its predecessor, from the Exchange at Antwerp.\*

The architect of the improvements of 1820 to 1826, is Mr. George Smith, who may be almost said to have given a new face to the whole structure. It was† principally of stone, and had a rusticated basement. The south or principal front, in Cornhill, was 210 feet in extent; but the general narrowness of the street, which was here still more contracted by carrying out the piers to the roadway, precluded it from being fully and advantageously seen. Its central part consisted of a tetrastyle detached portico of the Corinthian order; the former was composed of a lofty archway, opening from the middle intercolumniation of four Corinthian three-quarter columns, and with them supporting an entablature of the same order; on the acroteria of which were sculptural armorial bearings of the United Kingdom, the City of London, the Mercers' Company, and Sir Thomas Gresham. On each side was a balustrade, surmounted by statues representing the four quarters of the globe; executed by Mr. J. G. Bubb. Within niches, over the lesser lateral arches, were statues of the Kings Charles the First and Second, by Bushnell. The height to the top of the balustrade was 56 feet.

From the roof of the portico rose the new stone tower, 128 feet in height from the ground. It consisted of three stories, the lowermost being of a square form, and of the Doric order. Here, within a niche, was an effective statue of Sir Thomas Gresham, which formerly stood beneath the entrance, over the gateway); over the cornice facing

\* The site of the front of the Exchange was, a few centuries since, a loathsome prison, called the Tun. An inscription on the pump, on the south side, expressed that on this spot a well was first made by Henry Wallis, Mayor of London, in the year 1382. The well underneath, on which the present pump is erected, was re-discovered in 1799. The original architect of the Exchange, as before stated, was Mr. Jerman. In Hughson's Walks, the building is attributed to Wren; and in Leigh's Picture of London, authority not stated, it is given to Hawkesmoor, a pupil of Wren.

† We employ the past tense throughout, although some portions of the building have been saved.

the cardinal points, were four busts of Queen Elizabeth; and, at the angles were colossal griffins, holding shields of the City arms. The façade walls, which projected laterally from the basement, were ornamented with two *alti-relievi* in panels, by J. G. Bubb, executed in lithargolite, or artificial stone; the one representing Queen Elizabeth, with attendant figures, and heralds proclaiming the original building; and the other, Britannia, (seated amidst the emblems of commerce,) attended by the Polite Arts, Science, Manufactures, and Agriculture. The second story was of an octagonal form, and contained an excellent clock, with four dials, which ranged alternately with a like number of wind dials. The upper story displayed a circular peristyle of eight Corinthian columns, surmounted by an entablature and cupola, and crowned by a lofty vane, gilt, shaped like a grasshopper, the crest of the Greshams.

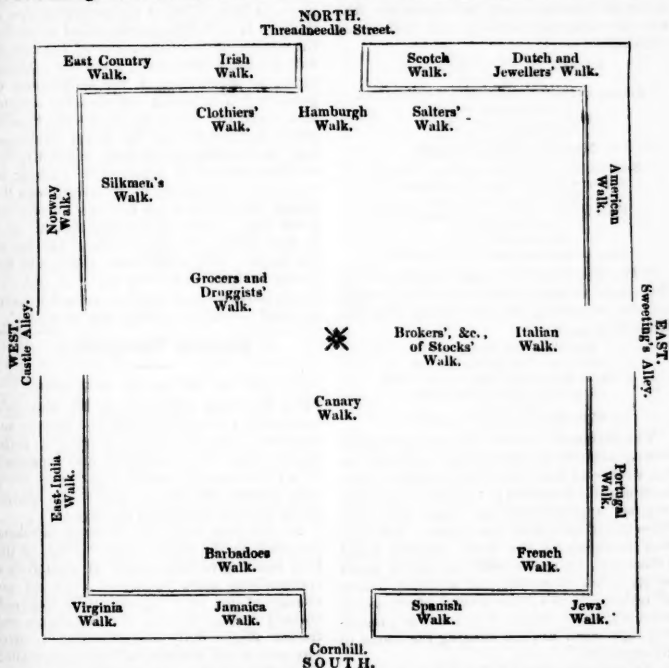
The north front in Threadneedle-street had neither columns nor statues on the outside, but was adorned with pilasters, and had an arched gateway.

The area within the quadrangle, which measured 144 feet from east to west, and 117 feet from north to south, was paved with Turkey stones, the gift, as tradition reports, of a merchant who traded to that country. This area, (or, rather, *piazza*), was surrounded by a broad colonnade, formed by a series of semicircular arches springing from Doric columns, and supporting a corresponding entablature: in the spandrels, were tablets, &c., surrounded by festoons, scrolls, and other ornaments: the keystones were sculptured with the grasshopper, the griffin, and the maiden's head, in alternate order, except those of the main entrances, which exhibited the lion and the greyhound. "Over the colonnade was a flattish groined roof, which sprang, interiorly, from a series of antæ, or pilasters, with intervening corbels masked by animal heads, blank shields, &c.; and in the centre of each division of the groining was a large ornamental shield, displaying either the City arms; the arms of the Mercers' Company, viz. a maiden's head, crowned, with dishevelled hair; or those of Gresham, namely, a Chevron ermine between three mullets, pierced, sable. In the centre of each rib, also, in alternate succession, was either a maiden's head, a griffin, or a grasshopper. Underneath, between the pilasters, were twenty-eight large niches, only two of which, on the west side, were occupied by statues: these represent Sir Thomas Gresham, by Caius Gabriel Cibber; and Sir John Barnard, whose figure was placed here in his lifetime, (in George the Second's reign,) at the expense of his fellow citizens, 'in testimony of his merit as a merchant, a magistrate, and a faithful representative of the City in Parliament.' A raised step and seat, of

stone, with wainscotting above, went round the entire colonnade, except where interrupted by the entrances. Against the walls, over the wainscotting, were numerous painted showboards, and placards of various descriptions, both printed and written, which were permitted to be set up here as advertisements, on payment of a small sum, annually. Both

the piazza and the colonnade were, for the general accommodation, arranged, nominally, into many distinct portions, called *Walks*, where domestic and foreign merchants, and other classes engaged in mercantile pursuits, daily assembled, and by which means, however great might be the crowd, the finding of any particular person was much facilitated.

This arrangement will be better understood from the following diagram :—



There was an air of considerable grandeur in the inner face of the superstructure, though the decorations were somewhat too unsparingly lavished. It consisted of two stories, surmounted by a regular balustrade: on each side, the upper cornice was interrupted by a semicircular pediment, beneath which, on the north, were the Royal arms; on the south, the City arms; on the west, the Mercers' arms; and on the east, the arms of Sir Thomas Gresham, with appropriate enrichments. Between the piers of the upper entablature, within square attic borderings, were large niches, containing figures of our sovereigns; viz. on the south side, Edward I., Edward III., Henry V., and Henry VI.; on the west, Edward IV., Edward V., Henry VII., and Henry VIII.; on the north, Ed-

ward VI., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., Charles II., and James II.; on the east, within a conjoined or double niche, were William and Mary; George I., George II., George III., and George IV. These figures were partly in armour, and partly in Roman costume; the Queens being in the dresses of their respective times. Most of them were originally gilt, but had been subsequently coloured like plain stone. The statue of George III., which was placed here in 1764, was executed by Wilton, and was in the dress of a Roman emperor (!); those of George I. and George II. were sculptured by Rysbrach; the others, as far as Charles I., were by Cibber.\*

\* Mr. Allan Cunningham notes: "Cibber was employed in carving the statues of the kings which

In the centre of the piazza, or open court, on a pedestal, about eight feet high, was a statue of Charles II. in a Roman habit, by Spiller.

"Walpole says, (vide *Anecdotes of Painting*, vol. iii., p. 152, note,) that the above statue was set up in place of a former one of the same King, which had been sculptured by Quellin of Antwerp. On the old pedestal, under an imperial crown, palm branches, &c., was the following verbose, and ill-deserved inscription:—

CAROLO, II., Cæsari Britannico,  
Patriæ Patri,  
\* Regum optimo, Clementissimo, Augustissimo,  
Generis humani deliciis,  
Utriusque Fortunæ Victori,  
Pacis Europæ arbitro  
Marium Dominio ac Vindici.  
Societas Mercatorum adventurur. Anglim  
Quæ per CCCO jam prope annos,  
Regiâ benignitate foret,  
Fidei inemeratæ et gratitudinis æternæ  
Hoc testimonium  
Venerabunda posuit  
Anno salutis humanæ M.DC.LXXXIV.

"The following inscription was placed over the south entrance, within the quadrangle, on the rebuilding of this edifice after the Great Fire:—

Hoc Greshamii Peristylivm  
Gentivm Commercii Sacrvm  
Flammis Extinctvm Sept. III. MDCLXVI  
Avgvstivs æ cinere Resvrevxit  
MDCLXIX  
Villò Tornero Milite Prætorè."

The entrances beneath the north and south fronts, beneath the projections, and that on the west,—all leading to the galleries—have been already described; together with their original appropriation as shops, and their subsequent occupancy as offices. The portion occupied as the Lord Mayor's Court Office will be remembered as having much of its olden character; the counting-houses or rather offices of the several attorneys resembling small shops, with a sort of projecting sign-board to each, bearing the name of its occupier.

At the beginning of the last century, the shops connected with the Royal Exchange amounted to nearly 200; but, of late, their number did not exceed forty. Beneath the edifice were capacious vaults, divided into six portions, and let to different bankers. For many years, these vaults were rented by the East India Company for the stowage of pepper.

Of the statue of Charles II., which stands to this moment amidst the chaos of the late calamity, a few interesting circumstances are embellish or encumber the Royal Exchange. He wrought down as far as King Charles, and added the figure of Sir Thomas Gresham, in the piazza beneath. On works such as these, criticism is generally merciful—they are known to be commissions of a nature in which the spirit of the artist could have taken but little interest."—*Lives of British Sculptors*.

related. Its artist, John Spiller, a sculptor of great promise, was born in 1763, and after a liberal education, became a pupil of Bacon, which circumstance has led to this statue being ascribed to Bacon himself. While engaged in this work, a pulmonary disease, to which Spiller had a constitutional tendency, became much aggravated; and, soon after the statue was placed on its pedestal, he expired, in May, 1794, at the premature age of thirty. It is of this accomplished artist that the author of the *Curiosities of Literature*, with his usual good taste, gives the following notice as illustrative of the enthusiasm of genius: "The young and classical sculptor who raised the statue of Charles the Second, placed in the centre of the Royal Exchange, was, in the midst of his work, advised by his medical friends to desist from working in marble; for the energy of his labour, with the strong excitement of his feelings, already had made fatal inroads on his constitution. But he was willing, he said, to die at the foot of his statue. The statue was raised, and the young sculptor, with the shining eyes and hectic blush of consumption, beheld it there, returned home, and shortly was no more!"

### Popular Antiquities.

#### SITE OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

[The following extract from Mr. Brayley's laboriously compiled *Londiniana* may be acceptable. This document, by the way, is the one referred to by ourselves, and forwarded by a Correspondent, about eight years since. (See *Mirror*, vol. xiv. p. 259.) Its interest at the present moment is obvious.]

In the year 1564, Sir Thomas Gresham proposed to the Corporation "That, if the City would give him a piece of ground in a commodious spot, he would erect an exchange at his own expense, with large and covered walks, wherein the merchants and traders might daily assemble and transact business in all seasons, without interruption from the weather or impediments of any kind." This offer was accepted, and in 1566, eighty dwellings, or "households," forming a part of Cornhill, together with three allies, named Swan-alley, New-alley, and St. Christopher's-alley, were purchased by the City and pulled down to make room for the intended building.—The following particulars relating to the spot thus cleared, were copied from the archives of the Corporation.

"The limits of the grounds taken in for the soyle of the Burse extended and the out-Buildings thereof brought in their several parishes as heretofore the same did belonge.

"*The Parriish of St. Michaelis in Cornhill*.—The length of the soyle of that parrysh on the streate syde from the halfe or chaunell of the late Alley called Swann

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Alley on the East part unto the furthestmost of the late Alley called Newe Alley on the west pte conteyneth feete of assize cxv foote.

"The breadth from the late Swanne Alley abuttinge on the streate on the south pte unto the grounde late Richard Springhams on the north pte conteyneth the feete of assize cvij. foote.

"And the breadth from the streate of the late Newe Alley gate on the sowthe pte unto the groundes late of Christs Church in Canterbury on the Northe parte conteyneth lxij. foote of assize.

"*The Parrish of St. Christopher.*—The lengthe of the soyle of that prishe on the streate syde of Cornhill from the late Newe Alley gate on the East pte unto the howse late John Jaques on the West pte conteyneth xlv foote & vj foote of assize.

"The breadth from the saide streate on the sowthe pte unto the howse wherein one Hoffer Church dwelled & the grounde late of Christs Church in Canterbury on the northe pte conteyneth lxxij. foote and vj inches of assize.

"*The Parrish of St. Barthelmew the little in the wardes of Broode-streate.*—The lengthe of that parrish on the streate side from the howse wherein Thomas Bate dwelleth on the East pte unto the howse late of John Jaques on the West pte conteyneth clxxxviij foote and vj inches of assize.

"The breadthe from the streete on the northe pte of the saide Hates his howse unto the groundes late John Traves on the South pte conteyneth iiijxxx foote of assize.

"The breadth at Jaques his howse from the streete syde on the northe pte unto the groundes late Walter Meares and Willm Solams on the South pte conteyneth lxxvj foote of assize.

"The lengthe of the sale of the intended Burse and buildings thereof in Cornehill side from East to West conteyneth clxj foote vj ynches of assize large measure.

"The lengthe on the strente side called Broid Strete east and west conteyneth clxxxviij foote vj ynches of assize.

"The breadth beginninge at the late Swan Alley on the streate side of Cornehill, unto the streate called Broade Strete, south and north, conteyneth clxxxviij foote of assize.

"The breadthe of the late Newe Alley gate on the streate of Cornehill, unto the streate called Broad Strete south and north, conteyneth clxlv foote, vj ynches of assize.

"Willm Garret, Willm Chester, Thomas Rowe, Lyonell Duckett, John Ryvers, Aldermen: Thomas Bannester, Comon.

"Examined by me John Benson clerk to Mr. Robert Brandon, Chamberlein of London, agreeing with a booke remayninge in the Chamber of London."

After the ground had been formally delivered to him by certain Aldermen "in the

name of the who's Citizens," Sir Thomas' on the 11th of June, in the year 1566, laid the foundation-stone of the new Burse.

GREAT FIRE IN CORNHILL, AND BISHOPSGATE STREET.—BIRTHPLACE OF GRAY, THE POET.

On the morning of the 25th of March, 1748, a most calamitous and destructive fire commenced at a Peruke-makers, named Eldridge, in Exchange Alley, Cornhill; and within twelve hours totally destroyed between ninety and a hundred houses, besides damaging many others. The flames spread in three directions at once, and extending into Cornhill, consumed about twenty houses there, including the London Assurance Office, the Fleece and the Three-Tuns Taverns, and Tom's and the Rainbow Coffee-houses. In Exchange Alley, the Swan Tavern, with Garroway's, Jonathan's, and the Jerusalem Coffee-houses, were burnt down; and in the contiguous avenues and Birchin Lane, the George and Vulture Tavern, with several other Coffee-houses, underwent a like fate. Mr. Eldridge, with his wife, children, and servants, all perished in the flames; and Mr. Cooke, a merchant, who lodged in the house broke his leg in leaping from a window, and died soon after: several other persons were killed by different accidents. All the goods of the sufferers that could be removed were preserved, as well from theft as from the flames, by the judicious exertions of the City Magistrates, and the assistance of parties of soldiers sent from the Tower and St. James's; notwithstanding which, the value of the effects and the merchandise destroyed, was computed at 200,000*l.* exclusive of that of the numerous buildings.

In that fire, the house in which the poet Gray received his birth, was consumed, and the injury which his property sustained on the occasion, induced him to sink a great part of the remainder, in purchasing an annuity: his father had been an Exchange-broker. It appears from Mr. Gray's will, that the dwelling which arose upon the site of his birthplace, was, in 1774, occupied by one Natzell, a perfumer; and it is still inhabited by a perfumer, of the name of Tate. It is a few doors from Birchin Lane; and is numbered forty-one.

Another tremendous Fire, by which nearly one hundred houses were destroyed, or greatly damaged, commenced at a peruke-maker's in *Bishopsgate-street*, adjoining to the corner of Leadenhall-street, on the morning of November the 7th, 1765. The flames quickly spread to the corner house, and the wind being high, they soon communicated to the opposite corners, so that all the four were on fire at the same time, and three of them were entirely destroyed. All the houses from Cornhill to the Church of St. Martin Outwich

in Bishopsgate-street, were burnt down, and the Church and Parsonage House were considerably damaged, as well as the back part of Merchant Taylors' Hall, and several houses in Threadneedle-street. The White Lion Tavern, which had been purchased for 3,000*l.* on the preceding evening, and all the houses in White Lion Court, were burnt down, together with five houses in Cornhill, and several others in Leadenhall-street. Several lives were lost, not only by the fire, but by the falling of chimneys and walls, and on the following day eight persons were killed by the sudden fall of a stack of chimneys. Several lives, however, were providentially saved by means of a gentleman who had ventured among the ruins, and, "waving his hat to engage the attention of the spectators, declared that he was sure that many persons were actually under the spot on which he stood." Upon this, the firemen went to work with their pickaxes, and on removing the rubbish, two men, three women, and a child about six years old, two dogs and a cat, were taken out alive.—*Londoniana.*

### British Colonies.

COLONEL TALBOT'S SKETCHES OF CANADA.

(Concluded from page 21.)

#### *Mode of ascending the Rapids.*

THE current between the Cascades and the Cedars is so very impetuous, that the boatmen are obliged to have recourse to their stay-poles, which they fix in the bed of the river, and by the pressure of each man upon his own instrument, they propel the boat upwards with a velocity that is astonishing. This exertion, though fatiguing in the extreme, they are often obliged to continue for several hours without intermission; and, not infrequently, even their best endeavours in this way prove abortive. When this is the case, they make a rope fast to the bow of the boat, and having only the pilot on board, they plunge into the water, and tow her by main strength up the foaming cataracts. Such is the manner in which they perform this arduous passage, which though only 120 miles, they seldom accomplish in less than ten days. The principal rapids between Montreal and Prescot are the Cedars and the Cascades already mentioned; the Coteau du Lac, and the Long Sault, the latter of which are about nine miles in extent; and though they are seldom ascended in less than a day, boats have been known to descend through their whole length in fifteen minutes.

#### *Various Animals.*

The wild animals of Canada are very numerous, and many of them exceedingly troublesome. They are the buffalo, or bison; the moose, or elk; fallow deer, bear-wolf,

wolverine, fox, catamount, wild cat, lynx, kincajao, weasel, ermine, martin, minx, otter, fisher, skunk, opossum, woodchuck, hare, racoon; black, grey, red, striped, and flying squirrels; beaver, musk rat, field mouse, mole, porcupine, &c.

#### *The Mammoth.*

The mammoth is supposed by the Indians to be still an inhabitant of the Canadas, but his existence at present is very doubtful. The bones of this huge animal have repeatedly been found in different parts both of the old and new continents, but particularly the latter. From the form of the teeth, they are supposed to have been carnivorous; and from the size of the bones they appear to have been at least ten times larger than the elephant. Their remains have been discovered very frequently at the various salt-springs which are contiguous to the river Ohio, and in several other regions of the new continent. The Indians have various traditions respecting this animal, most of which appear to be tinged with absurdity. One of the Virginian governors having asked some deputies of the Delaware tribe of Indians what they knew or had heard about the mammoth, the chief speaker immediately put himself into an oratorical attitude, and, with a pomp suited to the supposed elevation of the subject, informed the governor, that "it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, that in ancient times a herd of those animals came to the big bone lick, and began an universal destruction of the bears, deer, elks, buffaloes, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians. But the Great Man above, looking down and beholding the slaughter, was so enraged, that he seized his lightning, de-scended to the earth, and seating himself upon a neighbouring mountain, (on a rocky point of which, his seat, and the print of his feet, may still be seen,) he hurled his bolts amongst them, till the whole were slaughtered, excepting the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell. At length, however, he omitted to parry one which wounded him in the side; when the enraged animal sprang forward and bounded over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes!"

The fallow deer are exceedingly numerous, even in the most thickly-peopled parts of the country. They are much larger than animals of a similar species in Great Britain; weighing generally about fifty pounds per quarter, and often a great deal more. In the months of June, July, August, and September, they resort to the creeks and rivers in the night, to escape from the virulent attacks of the flies, which in the daytime deprive them of rest and food. At that season of the year, they are in prime order, and are killed with little difficulty in the water. The method of

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shooting them is rather singular. Two persons, the one being armed with a gun, and the other provided with a paddle, proceed down the river in a canoe, which has a dark lantern suspended at its bow. The canoe is kept in the middle of the river, and is allowed to drop down with the current; the man who steers taking care to make as little noise as possible with his paddle. On arriving within two or three hundred yards of the deer, they hear him dabbling in the water, and thus ascertain as near as possible the spot on which he stands. The canoe is then immediately directed towards him, and, as soon as he perceives the light, he stands immovable, apparently admiring it with the utmost attention, his eyes glistening like balls of fire; and as the canoe approaches him, his eyeballs seem to increase in magnitude and splendour. The gunner remains still until the canoe approaches within five or six yards of the deer, when he discharges his rifle with the utmost certainty of success. He then bleeds his game, and leaving him on the banks of the river, proceeds down the stream, where in like manner he frequently shoots two or three more before morning, at the approach of which he tacks about, and as he returns homeward, picks up his game, and floats triumphantly along.

#### *Bear-Hunting.*

A remarkable instance of this dangerous sort of Hunting occurred in the London district, in the winter of 1822. One of my father's settlers, of the name of Howay, discovered the tracks of three bears, on the morning of the 11th of December, and, after following them for three miles, came to the tree in which they had taken up their quarters. Having his dog and gun, and his axe with him, he began to cut down the tree, the trunk of which was at least sixteen feet in circumference. While thus engaged, he occasionally directed his eyes upwards, to see if his motions disturbed the bears in the place of their retreat. He became, at length, weary of acting as sentry to the prisoners, and had nearly forgotten this needful precaution, when, in the midst of his hewing, a large piece of bark struck him on the head. This aroused his attention; and on looking again he discovered, to his great consternation, one of the bears descending the tree in the usual manner, tail foremost. Apprehensive that he might be attacked by his black friend, who, he perceived, was coming down with every appearance of hostility, he laid down his axe, and took up his gun, resolved to discharge its contents into the body of Bruin. Upon reflecting, however, he desisted; for he was afraid, that if he should only wound the animal, his own life would be the forfeit of his temerity. While he was thus deliberating, his dog perceived the bear,

then only a few feet from the ground, and by his barking alarmed the brute so much, that he ran up the tree with incredible swiftness. On arriving at the opening into the trunk, he turned himself about, and looking down, attentively surveyed the dog and his master. Howay now regretted that he had not called upon some of his neighbours to assist him; but being afraid that, if he should then go for any one, the party would in the meantime effect their escape, he rallied his courage, and resuming his gun, lodged a ball in the bear's neck, which fortunately brought him lifeless to the ground. He now prudently determined to return home, and bring some of his neighbours to his aid. Leaving the bear at the foot of the tree, he departed, and in a short time returned with two men, three dogs, and an additional axe. They soon succeeded in cutting down the tree, which, when falling, struck against another, and broke off about the middle of the identical spot where the bears lodged. Stunned and confounded, the affrighted animals ran so near to one of the men, that he actually put the muzzle of his gun close to its shoulder, and shot two balls through its body. The other escaped unhurt, and the dogs pursued the wounded one, until he compelled them to return, with their flesh badly lacerated.

By this time, the winter sun had ceased to shed his refulgent beams upon that portion of the globe, and the men deemed it imprudent to follow the tracks until the succeeding morning; but, Howay, accompanied by a person named Nowlan, an American by birth, and, of course, well acquainted with the woods, followed the tracks, having previously provided themselves with a rifle, an axe, about six charges of powder and shot, and bread and meat sufficient for their dinners. This was early in the morning of Thursday, the 12th of December. About two o'clock in the afternoon, they were observed by some persons crossing a river, nearly seven miles from the place at which they set out. This was the only intelligence that was heard of them for thirteen days.

After they had been absent for some time, their friends concluded that they must either have perished with hunger and cold, or have been destroyed by the wounded bear. I was strongly of opinion that they had been frozen to death, for the weather was excessively cold; they were very slightly clothed, had not a tinder-box, and were totally unprovided with any means of shielding themselves from the inclemency of the weather. I therefore assembled a large party of the settlers pertaining to the townships of London and Nassouri, and proposed that we should stock ourselves with provisions for a few days, and go in quest of the two unfortunate hunters. To this proposal they unanimously agreed, and we set off on the following morning, provided with

a pocket-compass and a trumpet, a good supply of ammunition, and the necessary apparatus for lighting fires, taking with us some of the best dogs in the country. In the interval, between *their* departure and ours, a partial thaw had taken place, which left not the slightest layer of snow upon the ground, except in low and swampy places. We had, therefore, no tracks for our direction, nor any idea of the course which Howay and Nowlan had taken, except what we had obtained from the persons who saw them crossing the Thames on the day of their departure. We had no very sanguine hopes of finding them, but continued for two days exploring acres of dense and interminable forests and desolate swamps, apparently untrudged by human foot, without the most distant prospect of success; and we returned, having given up all expectation of ever seeing them again, either living or dead. There was, however, one consolation afforded us in the midst of our anxiety: the objects of our search were men without families, they were strangers in Canada, and would be mourned by none but un-related neighbours.

Thirteen days had now elapsed since the departure of these two adventurous settlers, and all hope of their return had completely vanished. On the morning of Christmas Day, as I was in the act of sending messengers to some of Howay's intimate acquaintances, to request them to take an inventory of his property, I was informed that he and his companion had returned a few hours before, alive, but in a most wretched condition. When I had recovered in some measure from my surprise, I went to see them, for I felt anxious to hear from themselves an account of their extraordinary preservation. Never in my life did I behold such spectacles of woe, poverty, and distress; their emaciated countenances, wild and sunken eyes, withered limbs, and tattered garments, produced such an extraordinary effect upon my imagination, that I approached them with a degree of timidity for which I was unable to account. I sat down beside them, and for some time fancied that I was holding converse with the ghosts of departed spirits, nor could I banish entirely this idea from my mind during a conversation of several hours; their preservation appeared to me as signal an interposition of Providence as any of which I had before heard. It appears that, on the day of their departure, they followed the bear in a north-westerly direction for twenty miles, and quite as far the next day, till they got quite bewildered by the different footsteps of these animals, and were unable to distinguish the one after which they were in pursuit; and, what was worse, they had, by the various turnings and windings through which the track had led them, lost all clue to their way home again, a thaw having commenced,

which obliterated their footsteps. There they were, in a frightful forest in the depth of winter, without food, or the means of procuring any, and, after the first few days, without fire, exposed to all the horrors of intense cold, and the cravings of hunger; and thus they wandered about, destitute of hope or comfort, until the tenth day after their departure, when they fortunately discovered a log-hut belonging to a settler, who had begun a manufactory of salt. At this place they received all the assistance and comfort the settlers had to bestow; they were now fifty miles from home, and one of them had his feet frozen, and could just hobble along; they had, however, the advantage of a guide to their own settlement, in the marks on the trees, made, as is commonly done, by those who had traversed the path before; and having refreshed themselves with such provisions as their new friends could procure them, they set off the next morning, and in two days had the inexpressible satisfaction of reaching and enjoying again their own firesides. So much for the pleasures of a bear hunt.

#### *Musquitoes and Black Flies.*

Of all the creatures which disturb the peace of man and beast, the mosquitoes are the most insupportable. They are your day companions and your evening guests for at least four months in the year, during which time an inhabitant of Canada may as well hope to reverse the current of the St. Lawrence as to secure himself a moment's relief from the insatiable stings of these unwearied tormentors. No spot, however sacred to repose, can fix a barrier to their entrance; and the reign of peace and disquietude is, during the summer months, absolute and universal. Neither your house nor your bed affords you any refuge from these long-legged destroyers of your comfort. Go where you will they find you out, and by continually darting their fine boring proboscises into your legs, face, and hands, they will render your existence a burthen as long as you are thus infested. Children suffer more, if possible, than adults, from the musquito and black fly; their heads and necks swell to such a degree, as to render them not only the greatest sufferers, but the most wretched spectacles of afflicted humanity.

Though the sting of the black fly at the moment of infliction produces little pain, it is nevertheless equally as poisonous as that of the musquito, and of the two is rather more to be dreaded. The musquito, like a true warrior, disdaining assassin-like attempts, does not seek concealment for the accomplishment of his designs, but makes an open and an honourable attack at the peril of his own life, and leaves you every opportunity of self-defence; while the black fly, like the mid-

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night murderer, lies in wait all day, and as the night draws near, steals from his hiding-place; but, still afraid to meet you face to face, he seeks an ambush in your hair, and executes his dark designs in perfect safety, for you seldom feel his bite until he has decamped, satiated with your blood. I once read the travels of a Frenchman who resided some time in America; his sole objection to the country was derived from the mosquitoes and other insects, which he thought sufficient to drive any man away. This, I think, was proceeding too far. I should never think of leaving the country against which I had no greater objection than its harbouring mosquitoes, if in other respects it answered the expectations I had previously formed. At the same time, I am free to confess, that if I knew the Deity designed to employ mosquitoes as the only instruments of his revealed threatenings on the unrighteous, I should almost dread the idea of eternal punishment as much as I do at this moment; and, therefore, if the Frenchman had been induced to leave his country merely for his own pleasure, I should deem the operation of that motive which he mentions sufficiently powerful to make him measure his steps back again.

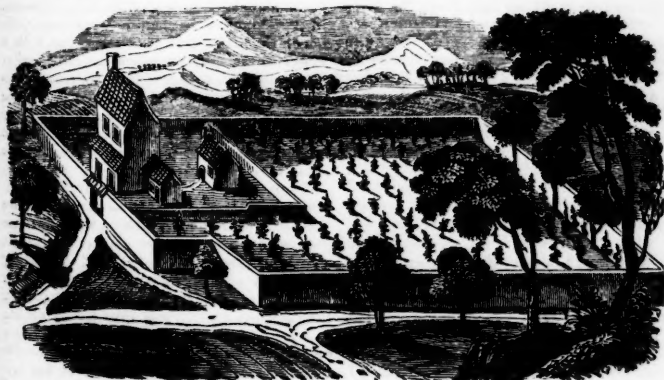
### Anecdote Gallery.

#### RABELAIS.

FRANCIS RABELAIS, the celebrated French wit, was the son of an apothecary at Chinon, in the province of Touraine, was born about 1483. The Cut shows his father's country-house, called *La Deviniere*, in the parish of Sully, about three miles from Chinon. "This draught," states the original of the Engraving, "was taken upon the spot anno

1699"—"here or hard by, Rabelais was born, and wrote his romance"—*Pantagruel*. The spot is, therefore, entitled to the respect of every admirer of genius and wit, however its brightness may have been sullied by blemishes. Rabelais was bred up a Franciscan friar, in Poitou, where his abilities soon shone forth; but he threw off all monkish restraint, and in 1530 began to study medicine at Montpellier: he then removed to Lyons, where he printed a collection of Latin translations of Hippocrates and Galen, as well as some of the books of his famous history of *Pantagruel*. In 1535, he was appointed physician, librarian, and steward to Cardinal John du Bellay, who being nominated ambassador to Rome the next year, was accompanied by Rabelais, whose wit and buffoonery so amused the papal court, that he obtained a plenary absolution for the crime of apostasy. In 1537, he took the degree of doctor of physic, at Montpellier; and, in 1538, was presented by Cardinal du Bellay with a prebendary. He afterwards became *curé*, or parochial priest, at Meudon, which office he held from 1545 till his death, at the age of seventy, in 1553.

About the time Rabelais became pastor of Meudon, he finished his *Pantagruel*, an extravagant and whimsical satire, in the form of a romance, unsparingly attacking all sorts of monkish and other follies. Its publication, of course, drew upon Rabelais the enmity of the monks, who caused the condemnation of the work by the Sorbonne and the parliament. But it rendered the author popular as the brightest wit of his time, a reputation which he fully maintained by his companionable qualities, and the inexhaustible store of ludicrous ideas which he displayed in conversation. But time and fashion have somewhat dimmed his first work:



(La Deviniere; the paternal house of Rabelais.)

his satire, when intelligible, is often just and ingenious; but the obscurity of his language, and the eccentricity of his conceptions, have always baffled commentators; and he is now more read for the whimsicality of his joke and allusion, than with a view to the objects of his satire. Motteux, who published an English translation of his works in London, 1708, endeavoured to show that Rabelais intended a sort of burlesque history of his own times. He is prodigal of wit and learning, but they are so mixed up with coarseness as occasionally to be repulsive reading; his popularity has, consequently, little chance of revival. His letters were subsequently published; and, adds his biographer, "every careful reader of the one and the other must perceive that the *Tristram Shandy* of Sterne originated in a zealous perusal of the principal work of Rabelais."

### Manners and Customs.

#### CHRISTMAS IN SWITZERLAND.

THERE is decidedly no country, wherein Christmas is celebrated with a greater variety of amusements, than in Switzerland. The Canton de Vaud, however, is, more than any other, peculiar in its mode of celebration; it is, therefore, of that one I shall treat in preference.

ON Christmas eve, the confectioners' shops are everywhere to be seen decorated in the most gaudy manner, illuminated by a number of tapers, reflecting their light from small mirrors placed behind them; the counters groan under the weight of the innumerable sweets placed on their broad and smooth tops; in the windows are displayed cakes and various ornaments of sugar, here and there, a cornucopia gorging forth its abundance of all that is most delectable to the human palate. At an early hour, the shops are crowded by old and young of both sexes, all intent upon the same purpose, viz., to purchase a present for some dear relative or attached friend. For the younger branches of a family, who, either from the inclemency of the weather, or from reluctance on the part of their parents to allow them to venture out at night, a treat is invariably prepared at home. In the midst of their frolics and clamorous hilarity, at the moment they least expect it, in rattles a shower of nuts, apples, walnuts, pears, and all kinds of palatable missiles. Shrieks and exclamations, more varied in their utterance than any list of interjections in grammars, follow this strange influx of the vegetable kingdom; every chair stands in the place of a shield to the children to protect them from the bruises or other bodily hurts, that might be the consequences of this shower of blessings. It is not till all noise has subsided, that one by one they

venture to "peep from forth" their hiding-places, and with haste fill their aprons and pockets of what fruit falls under their hands. These are enjoyed in some safe corner—their little hearts palpitating all the while, in the continual apprehension of a second visit from the "chauchevielle,"—such is the name the mysterious person goes under. By-and-by, in comes the father, who listens with complacency and the expression of the utmost wonderment, at the marvellous accounts his children give him of the occurrence, little thinking that the very person they were addressing, under the name of "papa," was really the so much dreaded "chauchevielle."

ON the return of the elders from their quest after the sweets of this life, a large, blazing, wood fire is got up on the roomy hearth of the kitchen, a stout iron ladle is produced, stools are drawn round, and in each one's hand appears a piece of lead. The reader may wonder as to what possible use this lump of metal can be applied. Let him proceed, and he shall see. The lead having been melted and carefully skimmed of its dross, is quickly poured into a mug of cold water. From this sudden transition into a new element, the metal assumes an endless variety of figures, sometimes it conveys the idea of a castle surrounded by a forest, or a car, a bird, an animal, anything; the slightest resemblance suffices for a ground to set the imagination to work. Every one having melted his lead, (no one twice,) it is then carried to some fortune-teller of the place, who, for a consideration, fixes the fate of its owner. Of course the decision is agreeable, proportionably to the remuneration; but children do not think of that. Their future destinies being severally sealed, for a short time a dance is set on foot; hilarity is at its height, when a low tap is heard at the door. Permission of admittance being signified, a figure completely shrouded in a sheet makes its appearance; without a word being uttered, the mysterious person beckons with a finger to the girls to follow her (this visiter being always a female); they are then led to the nearest pig sty, and ordered one by one to knock at the door, and make any three questions they think proper. Should the inmate grunt it signifies assent, but a silence is tantamount to a denial.

YOUNG folks of the other sex, in the meanwhile, are not idle. Small slips of paper are procured, on each of which is written some profession or trade; the papers are then rolled up, thrown into a hat, and repeatedly shaken to shuffle them. Each lad then draws his paper, and it is not unfrequently the case that a youth will thus finally decide on his profession, but never otherwise than on this occasion. Many trifling customs are then observed, most of which are of too trifling a character to be here noticed. One of

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them, however, from its drollery I cannot withhold. As the clock, at night, strikes ten, all the girls of the party, in a file, ascend to the garret, (wherein in Switzerland is kept the wood, which is the only fuel,) without a light, or anything to guide them, but their extended arms. On reaching the pile of logs of wood, each one takes what first falls under her hand, and as quickly as possible carries it down to the kitchen. It is then, when enabled by the light to distinguish the nature of their choice, that their playful mirth is at its height—it is but once in the year that a laugh can be indulged in with such unbounded glee—the mere sight of the contortions this laughing fit occasions, being enough to make the most gloomy, misanthropic individual smile. In each log of wood is represented the shape and disposition of the owner's future husband. If it be crooked, he will be hump-backed; if knotty, cross; if mossy, hirsute; if damp, a drunkard; if split, lame; &c.

The ceremony of dismissing the old year, I have adverted to in page 374 of the preceding volume of the *Mirror*. H. M.

## COURT OF HENRY II.

[THE following picture of the progress and the manners of the court of Henry II., not in war but in peace, by Peter of Blois, is perhaps curious.]

I often wonder how one who has been used to the service of scholarship and the camps of learning can endure the annoyances of a court life. Among courtiers there is no order, no plan, no moderation, either in food, in horse-exercise, or in watchings. A priest or a soldier attached to the court has bread put before him which is not kneaded, not leavened, made of the dregs of beer; bread like lend, full of bran, and unbaked; wine, spoilt either by being sour, or mouldy—thick, greasy, rancid, tasting of pitch, and rancid. I have sometimes seen wine so full of dregs put before noblemen that they were compelled rather to filter than drink it, with their eyes shut and their teeth closed, with loathing and reaching. The beer at court is horrid to taste, and filthy to look at. On account of the great demand, meat, whether sweet or not, is sold alike; the fish is four days old; yet its stinking does not lessen its price. The servants care nothing whatever whether the unlucky guests are sick or dead, provided there are fuller dishes sent up to their master's tables. Indeed, the tables are filled (sometimes) with carrion, and the guests' stomachs thus become the tombs for those who die in the course of nature. Indeed, many more deaths would ensue from this putrid food were it not that the furnishing greediness of the stomach, (which, like a whirlpool, will suck in any-

thing,) by the help of powerful exercise, gets rid of everything. But if the courtiers cannot have exercise, (which is the case if the court stays for a time in a town,) some of them always stay behind at the point of death.

To say nothing of other matters, I cannot endure the annoyances of the marshals. They are most wily flatterers, infamous slanderers, shameful swindlers, most importunate till they get something from you, and most ungrateful when they have; nay, open enemies, unless your hand is continually in your pocket. I have seen very many who have been most generous to them; and yet, when after the fatigue of a long journey, these persons had got a lodging, when their meat was half-dressed, or when they were actually at table, nay, sometimes, when they were asleep on their rugs, the marshals would come in with insolence and abuse, cut their horses' halters, tumble their baggage out of doors, without any distinction, and (with great loss to the owners) turn them out of their lodgings shamefully; and thus, when they had lost everything which they had brought for their comfort, at night they could not, though rich, find a place to hide their heads in.

This, too, must be added to the miseries of court. If the king announces his attention of moving three days hence, and particularly if the royal pleasure has been announced by the heralds, you may be quite sure that the king will start by daybreak, and put everybody's plans to the rout by his unexpected dispatch. Thus it frequently happens that persons who have been let blood, or have taken physic, follow the king without regard to themselves, place their existence at the hazard of a die, and, for fear of losing what they neither do nor ever will possess, are not afraid of losing their own lives. You may see men running about like madmen, sumpter-horses pressing on sumpter-horses, and carriages jostling against carriages; all, in short, in utter confusion. So that, from the thorough disturbance and misery, one might get a good description of the look of hell. But if his majesty has given notice beforehand that he will move to such a place very early the next day, his plan will certainly be changed, and you may therefore be sure that he will sleep till mid-day. You will see the sumpter-horses waiting with their burdens on, the carriages all quiet, the pioneers asleep, the court purveyors in a worry, and all muttering to one another; then they run to the prostitutes and the court shopkeepers to inquire of them whether the prince will go, for this class of court-followers very often knows the secrets of the palace. The king's court, indeed, is regularly followed by stage-players, washer-

women, dice-players, confectioners, tavern-keepers, buffoons, barbers, pickpockets—in short, the whole race of this kind. I have often known that, when the king was asleep, and everything in deep silence, a message came from the royal quarters, (not omnipotent, perhaps, but still awaking all,) and told us the city or town to which we were to go. After we had been worn out with expectation, it was some comfort at all events that we were to be fixed where we might hope to find plenty of lodgings and provisions. There was then such a hurried and confused rush of horse and foot immediately, that you would think all hell had broken loose. However, when the pioneers had quite or nearly finished their day's journey, the king would change his mind, and go to some other place, where, perhaps, he had the only house, and a plenty of provisions, none of which were given to any one else. And, if I dare say so, I really think that his pleasure was increased by our annoyance. We had to travel three or four miles through unknown woods, and often in the dark,\* and thought ourselves too happy if at length we could find a dirty and miserable hut. There was often a violent quarrel among the courtiers about the cottages, and they would fight with swords about a place for which pigs would have been ashamed to quarrel. How things were with me and my attendants on such nights you will have no doubt. My people and I were separated, and it would be three days before I could collect them again.

Oh! God, who art King of kings, and Lord of lords, to be feared by earthly kings, in whose hands the hearts of kings are, and who turnest them as thou wilt, turn the heart of this king from these pestilent customs! Make him know that he is a man, and let him have and practise the grace of royal bounty and kindness to those who are compelled to follow him, not from ambition but necessity! Free me, I beseech thee, from the necessity of returning to the odious and troublesome court, which lies in the shadow of death, and where order and peace are unknown!—But to return to the court officers. By exceeding complaisance you may sometimes keep in favour with the outer porters for two days, but this will not last to a third, unless you buy it with continued gifts and flattery. They will tell the most unblushing falsehoods, and say that the

king is ill, or asleep, or at council. And if you are an honest and religious man, but have given them *nothing the day before*, they will keep you an unreasonable time standing in the rain and mire; and to annoy you the more, and move your bile, they will allow a set of hairdressers and thieves to go in at the first word! As to the doorkeepers of the presence, may the Most High confound them! For they are not afraid to put every good man to the blush, and cover him with confusion. Have you got by the terrible porters without! It is of no avail unless you have bribed the doorkeeper! "Si nihil attuleris, ibis, Homere, foras." After the first Cerberus, there is another worse than Cerberus, more terrible than Briareus, more wicked than Pygmalion, and more cruel than the Minotaur. If you were in the greatest danger of losing your life, or your fortune, to the king you cannot go; nay, it often happens, to make things ten thousand times worse, "rumpantur ut ilia Codro," that while you are kept out, these wretches let your enemy in. Oh! Lord Jesus Christ, if this is the way of living, if this is the life of the court, may I never go back to it again!

### New Books.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, VOL. VI.

[We resume, from page 32, our extracts from this volume, to us the most attractive of the work. They relate the visits of two distinguished persons to Abbotsford, in its best days; they teem with pleasant anecdote; and in the latter is a beautiful trait in the character of the illustrious host, which can scarcely be too highly commended. It is a lesson which, we hope, will not be thrown away upon that miserable minority of mankind who carry personal pique to an inhuman extent.]

#### Visit of Mr. Moore.

Mr. Moore arrived accordingly—and he remained several days. Though not, I believe, a regular journalizer, he kept a brief diary during his Scotch tour, and he has kindly allowed me the use of it. He fortunately found Sir Walter in an interval of repose—no one with him at Abbotsford, but Lady and Miss Scott—and no company at dinner except the Fergusons and Laidlaw. The two poets had thus the opportunity of a great deal of quiet conversation; and from the hour they met, they seem to have treated each other with a full confidence, the record of which, however touchingly honourable to both, could hardly be made public in *extenso* while one of them survived. The first day they were alone after dinner,

\* The travelling, even under less pressure of a large cortège, was not very agreeable. Peter of Blois writes to the Abbot of St. Albans, (Letter 29,) a long complaint of the inhospitality of his prior at Wallingford. The archdeacon was returning from his visitation, and sent his servants on before to Wallingford to prepare for him. They carried everything necessary for man and beast, and only begged the loan of some vacant chambers (*domos*) for one night. The prior refused, abused them violently, and left them to fare as they could.

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and the talk turned chiefly on the recent death of Byron—from which Scott passed unaffectedly to his own literary history. Mr. Moore listened with great interest to details now no longer new, about the early days of ballad-hunting, Mat. Lewis, the Minstrelsy, and the poems; and "at last," says he, "to my no small surprise, as well as pleasure, he mentioned the novels, without any reserve, as his own. He gave me an account of the original progress of those extraordinary works, the hints supplied for them, the conjectures and mystification to which they had given rise, &c. &c.:" he concluded with saying, "they have been a mine of wealth to me—but I find I fail in them now—I can no longer make them so good as at first." This frankness was met as it should have been by the brother poet; and when he entered Scott's room next morning, "he laid his hand," says Mr. Moore, "with a sort of cordial earnestness on my breast, and said—*Now, my dear Moore, we are friends for life.*" They sallied out for a walk through the plantations, and among other things, the commonness of the poetic talent in these days was alluded to. "Hardly a Magazine is now published," said Moore, "that does not contain verses, which some thirty years ago would have made a reputation." Scott turned with his look of shrewd humour, as if chuckling over his own success, and said, "Ecod, we were in the luck of it to come before these fellows;" but he added, playfully flourishing his stick as he spoke, "we have, like Bobadil, taught them to beat us with our own weapons."—"In complete novelty," says Moore, "he seemed to think lay the only chance for a man ambitious of high literary reputation in these days."

Mr. Moore was not less pleased than Washington Irving had been nine years before with Scott's good friend at Kaeside. He says:—"Our walk was to the cottage of Mr. Laidlaw, his bailiff, a gentleman who had been reduced beneath his due level in life, and of whom Scott spoke with the most cordial respect. His intention was, he said, to ask him to come down and dine with us:—the cottage homely, but the man himself, with his broad Scotch dialect, showing all the quiet self-possession of good breeding and good sense."

At Melrose, writes Mr. Moore,—"With the assistance of the sexton, a shrewd, sturdy-mannered original, he explained to me all the parts of the ruin; after which we were shown up to a room in the sexton's house, filled with casts done by himself, from the ornaments, heads, &c., of the abbey. Seeing a large niche empty, Scott said, 'Johnny, I'll give you a Virgin and Child to put in that place.' Never did I see a happier face than Johnny's at this news—it was all over

smiles. 'But, Johnny,' continued Scott, as we went down stairs, 'I'm afraid, if there should be another anti-popish rising, you'll have your house pulled about your ears.' When we had got into the carriage, I said, 'You have made that man most truly happy.'—'Ecod, then,' he replied, 'there are two of us pleased, for I was very much puzzled to know what to do with that Virgin and Child; and mamma particularly (meaning Lady Scott) will be delighted to get rid of it.' A less natural man would have allowed me to remain under the impression that he had really done a very generous thing."

They called the same morning at Huntly Burn:—"I could not help thinking," says Moore, "during this homely visit, how astonished some of those French friends of mine would be, among whom the name of Sir Walter Scott is encircled only with high and romantic associations, to see the quiet, neighbourly manner in which he took his seat beside these good old maids, and the familiar ease with which they treated him in return. No common squire indeed, with but half an idea in his head, could have fallen into the gossip of a hum-drum country-visit with more unassumed simplicity."

Mr. Moore would have been likely to make the same sort of observation, had he accompanied Sir Walter into any other house in the valley; but he could not be expected to appreciate off-hand the very uncommon intellectual merits of "those old maids" of Huntly Burn—who had enjoyed the inestimable advantage of living from youth to age in the atmosphere of genius, learning, good sense, and high principle.

He was of course delighted at the dinner which followed, when Scott had collected his neighbours to enjoy his guest, with the wit and humour of Sir Adam Ferguson, his picturesque stories of the Peninsula, and his inimitable singing of the old Jacobite ditties. "Nothing," he writes, "could be more hearty and radiant than Scott's enjoyment of them, though his attempts to join in the chorus showed certainly far more of will than of power. He confessed that he hardly knew high from low in music. I told him that Lord Byron, in the same manner, knew nothing of music as an art, but still had a strong feeling of it, and that I had more than once seen the tears come into his eyes as he listened.—'I dare say,' said Scott, 'that Byron's feeling and mine about music might be pretty much the same.'—I was much struck by his description of a scene he had once with Lady ——— (the divorced Lady ———) upon her eldest boy, who had been born before her marriage with Lord ———, asking her why he himself was not Lord ——— (the second title).—'Do you hear that?' she exclaimed wildly to Scott; and then rushing to the pianoforte, played,

in a sort of frenzy, some hurried airs, as if to drive away the dark thoughts then in her mind. It struck me that he spoke of this lady as if there had been something more than mere friendship between them. He described her as beautiful and full of character.

"In reference to his own ignorance of musical matters, Scott mentioned that he had been once employed as counsel upon a case where a purchaser of a fiddle had been imposed upon as to its value. He found it necessary, accordingly, to prepare himself by reading all about fiddles and fiddlers that he could find in the *Encyclopædia*, &c.; and having got the names of Stradivarius, Amati, and such like, glibly upon his tongue, he got swimmingly through his cause. Not long after this, dining at——, he found himself left alone after dinner with the duke, who had but two subjects he could talk upon—hunting and music. Having exhausted hunting, Scott thought he would bring forward his lately acquired learning in fiddles, upon which his Grace became quite animated, and immediately whispered some orders to the butler, in consequence of which there soon entered into the room about half a dozen tall footmen, each bearing a fiddle-case; and Scott now found his musical knowledge brought to no less trying a test than that of telling, by the tone of each fiddle, as the Duke played it, by what artist it had been made. 'By guessing and management,' he said, 'I got on pretty well till we were, to my great relief, summoned to coffee.'

In handing to me the pages from which I have taken these scraps, Mr. Moore says,— "I parted from Scott with the feeling that all the world might admire him in his works, but that those only could learn to love him as he deserved who had seen him at Abbotsford. I give you *carte blanche* to say what you please of my sense of his cordial kindness and gentleness; perhaps a not very dignified phrase would express my feeling better than any fine one—it was that he was a *thorough good fellow*."

#### *Visit of Mrs. Coutts.*

The author of Lallah Rookh's Kelso chaise was followed before many days by a more formidable equipage. The much talked-of lady who began life as Miss Harriet Melon, a comic actress in a provincial troop, and died Dutchesse of St. Albans, was then making a tour in Scotland as Mrs. Coutts, the enormously wealthy widow of the first English banker of his time. No person of such consequence could, in those days, have thought a Scotch progress complete, unless it included a reception at Abbotsford; but Mrs. Coutts had been previously acquainted with Sir Walter, who, indeed had some remote connexion with her

late husband's family, through the Stuarts of Allanbank, I believe, or perhaps the Swintons of Swinton. He had visited her occasionally in London during Mr. Coutts's life, and was very willing to do the honours of Teviotdale in return. But although she was considerate enough not to come on him with all her retinue, leaving four of the seven carriages with which she travelled at Edinburgh, the appearance of only three coaches each drawn by four horses, was rather trying for poor Lady Scott. They contained Mrs. Coutts, her future lord, the Duke of St. Albans, one of his Grace's sisters—a *dame de compagnie* (vulgarly styled a Toady)—a brace of physicians—for it had been considered that one doctor might himself be disabled in the course of an expedition so adventurous—and, besides other menials of every grade, two bedchamber women for Mrs. Coutts's own person; she requiring to have this article also in duplicate, because, in her widowed condition, she was fearful of ghosts—and there must be one Abigail for the service of the toilette, a second to keep watch by night. With a little puzzling and cramming, all this train found accommodation; but it so happened that there were already in the house several ladies, Scotch and English, of high birth and rank, who felt by no means disposed to assist their host and hostess in making Mrs. Coutts's visit agreeable to her. They had heard a great deal, and they saw something, of the ostentation almost inseparable from wealth so vast as had come into her keeping. They were on the outlook for absurdity and merriment; and I need not observe how effectually women of fashion can contrive to mortify, without doing or saying any thing that shall expose them to the charge of actual incivility.

Sir Walter, during dinner, did every thing in his power to counteract this influence of the evil eye, and something to overawe it; but the spirit of mischief had been fairly stirred, and it was easy to see that Mrs. Coutts followed these noble dames to the drawing-room in by no means that complacent mood which was customarily sustained, doubtless, by every blandishment of obsequious flattery, in this mistress of millions. He cut the gentlemen's sederunt short, and soon after joining the ladies, managed to withdraw the youngest, and gayest, and cleverest, who was also the highest in rank (a lovely Marchioness), into his armorial-hall adjoining. "I said to her," (he told me), "I want to speak a word with you about Mrs. Coutts. We have known each other a good while, and I know you won't take any thing I can say in ill part. It is, I hear, not uncommon among the fine ladies in London to be very well pleased to accept invitations, and even sometimes to hunt



after them, to Mrs. Coutts's grand balls and fêtes, and then, if they meet her in any private circle, to practise on her the delicate *manœuvre* called *tiping the cold shoulder*. This you agree with me is shabby; but it is nothing new either to you or to me that fine people will do shabbinesses for which beggars might blush, if they once stoop so low as to poke for tickets. I am sure you would not for the world do such a thing; but you must permit me to take the great liberty of saying, that I think the style you have all received my guest, Mrs. Coutts in, this evening, is, to a certain extent, a sin of the same order. You were all told a couple of days ago that I had accepted her visit, and that she would arrive to-day to stay three nights. Now if any of you had not been disposed to be of my party at the same time with her, there was plenty of time for you to have gone away before she came; and as none of you moved, and it was impossible to fancy that any of you would remain out of mere curiosity, I thought I had a perfect right to calculate on your having made up your minds to help me out with her."—The beautiful Peeress answered, "I thank you Sir Walter—you have done me the great honour to speak as if I had been your daughter, and depend upon it you shall be obeyed with heart and good-will." One by one, the other exclusives were seen engaged in a little *tête-à-tête* with her ladyship. Sir Walter was soon satisfied that things had been put into a right train; the Marchioness was requested to sing a particular song, *because* he thought it would please Mrs. Coutts. "Nothing could gratify her more than to please Mrs. Coutts." Mrs. Coutts's brow smoothed, and in the course of half-an-hour she was as happy and easy as ever she was in her life, rattling away at comical anecdotes of her early theatrical years, and joining in the chorus of Sir Adam's *Laird of Cockpen*. She stayed out her three days\*—saw, accompanied by all the circle, Melrose, Dryburgh, and Yarrow—and left Abbotsford delighted with her host, and, to all appearance, with his other guests.

It may be said (for the most benevolent of men had in his lifetime, and still has, some maligners) that he was so anxious about Mrs. Coutts's comfort, because he worshipped wealth. I dare not deny that he set more of his affections, during great part of his life, upon worldly things, wealth among others, than might have become such an intellect. One may conceive a sober grandeur of mind, not incompatible with genius as rich as even his, but infinitely more admirable than any genius, incapable

\* Sir Walter often quoted the maxim of an old lady in one of Miss Ferrier's novels—that a visit should never exceed three days, "the rest day—the dress day—and the press day."

of brooding upon any of the pomps and vanities of this life—or caring about money at all, beyond what is necessary for the easy sustenance of nature. But we must, in judging the most powerful of minds, take into account the influences to which they were exposed in the plastic period; and where imagination is visibly the predominant faculty, allowance must be made very largely indeed. Scott's autobiographical fragment, and the anecdotes annexed to it, have been printed in vain, if they have not conveyed the notion of such a training of the mind, fancy, and character, as could hardly fail to suggest dreams and aspirations very likely, were temptation presented, to take the shape of active external ambition—to prompt a keen pursuit of those resources, without which visions of worldly splendour cannot be realized. But I think the subsequent narrative, with the correspondence embodied in it, must also have satisfied every candid reader that his appetite for wealth was, after all, essentially a vivid yearning for the means of large beneficence. As to his being capable of the silliness—to say nothing of the meanness—of allowing any part of his feelings or demeanour towards others to be affected by their mere possession of wealth, I cannot consider such a suggestion as worthy of much remark. He had a kindness towards Mrs. Coutts, because he knew that, vain and pompous as her displays of equipage and attendance might be, she mainly valued wealth, like himself, as the instrument of doing good. Even of her apparently most fantastic indulgences he remembered, as Pope did when ridiculing the "lavish cost and little skill" of his Timon,

"Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed;—" but he interfered, to prevent her being made uncomfortable in his house, neither more nor less than he would have done, had she come there in her original character of a comic actress, and been treated with coldness as such by his Marchionesses and Countesses.

### The Gatherer.

*Quicksilver Tree.*—In the valley of Laney, which runs between the mountains of Turin, there grows a plant called *Doronicum*, in the roots of which pure mercury is found, and may be separated by a very simple process. The writer tells us that if a quantity of the juice be expressed and exposed to the air to evaporate slowly, there will be found as much mercury in the remainder as there has been liquid matter evaporated; but this must be done in the night, and at a time when the air is clear.

*The Unsuccessful Club.*—A club is so

called from its members having failed in dramatic writing. One condemned farce entitles a man to be a member *instantly*. If his comedy be withdrawn after the second night, he must be ballotted for: but if his tragedy be hissed off during the first act, comes in by acclamation, and may order what dinner he pleases. The perpetual president with a silver catcall at his button-hole, proudly boasts, that, during a seven years' probation, his most endurable dramatic bantling was a melo-drama that set every body asleep. He counts his hisses as a warrior does his wounds, and hopes in time, by dint of bad acting, to make the people in the pit tear up the benches.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

*Singular Sagacity of a Wasp*.—A wasp had caught a fly almost as big as herself, with which she attempted in vain to rise in the air. Concluding that the weight of her prey was the impediment, she alighted, and sawed off the head and tale before she again took to flight. The weight was now no obstacle to her progress, but she had not calculated upon the wind catching the wings of her victim, and thus retarding her; which however, she no sooner observed to be the case, than she again alighted, and, having deliberately removed first one wing and then the other, carried it off triumphantly to her nest.—*Bushnan's Instinct and Reason*.

*African Simplicity*.—Major H. Campbell, Governor of Sierra Leone, has lately returned from that colony, where, during his residence, he exerted himself much in establishing friendly relations with many of the interior tribes that are scattered between that place and Timbuctoo. He has brought over with him no fewer than eight different letters of congratulation from so many different kings, addressed to his late Majesty, the King of England, and written in the Negro dialect of the Arabic. They have been translated by Mr. Rassam, of Mosul, who came over with the Euphrates expedition to this country. "Praise be to God," say the correspondents of his Majesty; "this letter is from Marwan, the King of Temein, to King William, whose country is England, and his village is London. I am in good health; I hope you are in the same condition."

*To Perfume Linen*.—Rose leaves dried in the shade, cloves beaten to a powder, and mace scraped: mix them together, and put them into little bags.—*New York Mail*. [We know of a better way. Boil the linen in soft water, rub it well in a tub of hot water, apply a liberal quantity of soap, rinse it, dry it, starch it, and press it with a hot iron. If this process is gone through faithfully, the linen will have the sweetness of the best of all perfumes, viz., cleanliness. A warm bath and scrubbing-brush are excellent perfumes for the body. If gentle-

men and ladies would use them more, and lavender, musk, and cologne, &c. less, they would smell sweeter than they now do, many of them. This is rather plain talking, but it is the naked truth.—*Boston Morning Post*.

*Beau Nash*.—The celebrated Beau Nash who was long master of the ceremonies and (by courtesy) "King of Bath," was a sleeping partner in one of the most thriving of the Bath gambling-houses. Connected with his transactions in this line we give the following curious anecdotes, which will show that whatever were the defects of his head, his heart was always in the right place:—The Earl of T—, when a young man, was inordinately addicted to gambling, and in particular loved to have the king of Bath for his opponent. He was, however, no match for his majesty, who, after winning several trifling sums from him, resolved to attempt his cure, foreseeing that otherwise he would fall a prey to adventurers who might not be so forbearing as himself. Accordingly he engaged his lordship one evening in play to a very serious amount, and won from him first all his ready money, then the title deeds of his estates, and finally the very watch in his pocket, and the rings on his fingers. When he had thus sufficiently punished the young nobleman for his infatuation, Nash read him a lecture on the flagrant impropriety of attempting to make money by gambling, when poverty cannot be pleaded in justification of such conduct: after which he returned him all his winnings, merely exacting from him a promise that he would never play again! Not less generously did he behave to an Oxford student, who had come to spend the long vacation at Bath. This greenhorn, who also affected to be a gamester, was lucky enough to win a large sum of money from our beau, and, after the game was ended, was invited by him to supper. "Perhaps," said Nash, "you think I have asked you for the purpose of securing my revenge; but I can assure you that my sole motive in requesting your company is to set you on your guard, and to entreat you to be warned by my experience, and to shun play as you would the devil. This is strange advice for one like me to give; but I feel for your youth and inexperience, and am convinced that if you do not stop where you now are you will infallibly be ruined." Nash was right. A few nights afterwards, having lost his entire fortune at the gaming-table, the young man blew his brains out.—*Bentley's Miscellany*.

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